



CafeSplendor

April 2010



Good friends are not born.
They are made.



April 2010

on the menu



Today's Specials *It is not easy being a friends, so let's take the "Friendship Oath".*

In the Corner *What is a life? It is moments of time. All we take with us when we leave this life is our experiences, out love, and out lessons. And what we leave behind is the impact we make on the lives of others. "What impact are you having on others?"*

Being There *Bombs, burns and coloring books. Decoding graffiti with Kobie Solomon, a man keeping the sprayed word alive.*

Letters from London *What can we learn about friendship from guest writer Jessica Romenesko.*

Quote of the Month

"It is better to be in chains with friends, than to be in a garden with strangers."
Persian Proverb.



Morsel of Humor

I just wanted...no had to tell you how much you mean to me in "Friendship via Online Message."

The Journey

"Loneliness is a healthy hunger..., a natural sign that we are lacking companionship." Just as hunger moves us to take in nourishing food, feelings of loneliness should move us to seek out good friends.

Eavesdropping on Table

Six *Let's accept a Friend Request from guest writer Daniela Lamas.*



Ramblings from a Frustrated Graduate Student *Every successful person knows the vital role that their self-image, or the picture they hold of themselves, plays in their success. Learn to be your own best friend.*

By the Cup *Let's take a trip to freedom's hometown. Philadelphia.*

Book it with

Amazon.com *Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there were two sisters who lived in Manhattan. One was wildly emotional, the other smartly sensible. A different type of love triangle. Learn about the Three Weissmanns of Westport.*

Controversy Au Lait *Can men and women truly just be friends? Or do you agree with Billy Crystal's sentiments from the movie "When Harry Met Sally"?*

Recipes from Chef Luis Amado

We are baking Amish Friendship Bread.

Hollywood Blend

It's nimble, bright and funny. It doesn't dumb down. It doesn't patronize. It's Diary of a Wimpy Kid.

Cafe Style

Style Friends: 10 must haves for Fall 2010. Inexpensive, yes and time enough to get them into your closet.

Cafe Stories

Sometimes change changes you. We find out in "Starting Over" which came first, the change or change."

Stanza and Meters *The joy of being a friend.*



Web site of the Month
facebook.com

Collect your friends in one place.



Friends to the End

I am dedicating this issue to all my friends. Over the past few months, as I underwent changes and struggles, they have kept me sane and on course. I am truly amazed how over time, one can depend on people, some whom I have never seen. Yes I have friends who support me from close by and far away in England and Norway. While I was pondering my blessings, I came across this declarative on friendship. It seems to say everything I was thinking.



1. Friends don't have to be exactly the same. Friends have similarities but they also have their differences. The key to opening up the world of friendship is not only to expand on similarities but to accept each other's faults, because you can't ever judge your friend.

2. Friends have to argue! No one likes to but it is necessary to be healthy. If you agree on everything, either the government has expanded cloning subjects or someone isn't being true and is trying a little too hard.

3. You have to be comfortable together or else you just aren't going to click. If you feel edgy around the person then something isn't quite right.

4. Friends love unconditionally. They have their little angry moments but what's done is done and all is forgiven and forgotten. Why let something that happened in the past ruin what happiness you could have in the future?

5. Some people think that you have to know someone really well to become good friends. Trust me, it's not true. If the first time you really spend time together you talk for 25 hours straight until 4:30 in the morning about some topic you thought no one else in the world understood, hun, that's real friend at first sight.

These are only a few of the basics. Just remember, friends are forever, but only if you keep it that way. Don't diss your buds, love them instead. And when they drive you nuts, love them that much more for being just a little bit different and maybe just a little bit quirky!

Jennifer Barrington

Editor/Head Designer



Friendship Oath

"By accepting the responsibility of being your friend, I promise to be honest and trustworthy. I will try to work out any differences or conflicts that we may have and will try to put the time and effort into our friendship that it requires. I know we both have work (or school), family, and personal obligations, and we will respect each other's other relationships and commitments, but I will also be committed to this friendship. I will try to only give advice if it's asked and I will also try to be your friend, unconditionally. I will keep your confidences.



However, I will also share with you if it is my policy to never keep anything from my spouse or any other primary relationship, with whom I entrust all my secrets. I will try to remember your birthday and be there for you when times are tough and when times are grand. Making time to talk, communicate by mail or e-mail, or getting together is a priority. I will celebrate your achievements even though I know a tiny bit of envy or competitiveness is normal. I will bring fun and joy to your life as much as I am able to as I cherish our past, present, and future friendship.

Passage from *Who's That Sitting at My Desk? Workshop, Friendship, or Foe?* by Jan Yager, Ph.D



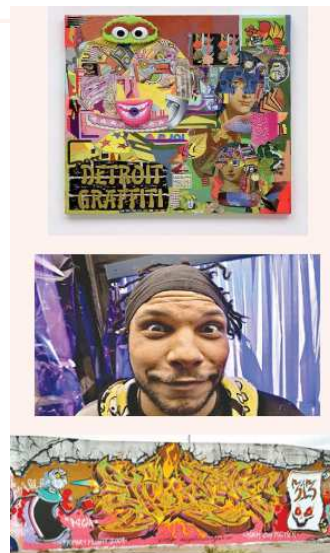
Bombs, burns and coloring books

Decoding graffiti with Kobie Solomon, a man keeping the sprayed word alive

By Travis R. Wright

Before getting into the charred thickets of east Detroit, you'll pass the old train yard. In certain areas you'll see stray dogs, vagabonds, curious shutterbugs, countless pounds of broken glass and gnarly graffiti art. It's been that way for decades. For taggers, burners and bombers with a blunt and a backpack full of Krylon, it's a free studio and vast gallery that operates, sans curator, in constant flux. Today, a decent stretch of the train yard, from the Detroit River north to Eastern Market, has been repurposed as a well-lit greenway and bike path, with emergency phones and park benches. It's everything the city needs more of. And it's along this sliver of transit space that you can find some of the yard's best graffiti.

If Kobie "Rift" Solomon had his way, the most talented graffiti artists in the world would meet in Detroit and paint mega-murals down the whole yard. That's where they'd get started, anyway. Back in the day, you could catch Solomon down in the yard. Well, you probably couldn't catch him — but that's where you could see some of his work. Chances are, you *have* seen his paintings, whether on a rooftop or highway underpasses, at some point during his 15-year career.



Having found a balance between nocturnal rebel works and those commissioned (for the city, and business and gallery shows), this 32-year-old's latest attempt to bring graffiti to living rooms comes through the release of *My First Graffiti Coloring Book*, a work that offers a hip-hop education by way of 26 different graffiti styles. Solomon, who was born and raised in the Detroit area, has much to say.

Metro Times: Graffiti has, of course infected pop culture pretty well — is it still disrespected?

Kobie Solomon: There's a lot of people who don't appreciate it. Aside from some of the cultural biases those people have, if it was presented to them the right way, they could learn to love it for what it is. As early as the Middle Ages there were lettering masters found around the world; in China and Japan, masters of character work were revered in their society for keeping the written word alive. As an art form, it somewhat died out with the advent of technology, with computers and fonts and whatnot. But that's who I think graffiti artists really are — we're like the keepers of the script, the masters of the letter.

MT: How did you discover it?

Solomon: I went to a suburban high school and a lot of kids were just puttin' up little scribble tags, so I kind of got into it from there. I got ahold of the first issue of *12 oz. Profit* — it smacked me in the face. After that, I got ahold of *Subway Art* by Martha Cooper and Henry Chelfont. I found that in my high school library and when I flipped through the pages I was instantly blown away. Then I started dicking around with it because it was fun to get into trouble too. There's the whole adrenaline aspect of it. We were lighting up high schools, we lit up a entire newly built wall along a stretch of I-75 too. Man, we were killing it. The liaison officer at my high school was pretty much onto us. He had pictures of the stuff, but he didn't have pictures of anyone putting it up, he didn't have incriminating pictures, but he was getting serious about it. I've still never publicly said which name I was using because those cops probably still hate my guts. I cost that city too much money — even just my senior prank probably cost \$3,000 to fix. By the time I moved down into the city in 1995, to go to CCS, I was pretty much addicted.

MT: Does that weigh on you now that you're older?

Solomon: No — not at all. I was younger and I was crazier. I was bonkers. It's called payin' your dues. I didn't go all-city with it and I didn't get up a lot in the hood, so a lot of people doubt my legitimacy because of the commercially commissioned stuff, like the piece I had at the Town Pump and the Corktown Mural I did for the city, but I paid my dues like everybody else, man: I've run from the cops, climbed on buildings and jumped off of them, hopped on moving trains, frozen my fingers painting in the winter. I don't regret any of it.



MT: When the sun sets, does a part of you itch to go into the night with your paints?

Solomon: Oh, yeah — and there's the whole ritual to it. If you have a sketch, you grab it, but you might just be winging it, and that's cool too. Then you go out like a ninja. If you're a drinker, you get a little buzz on and bring a few with you; if you're a smoker, twist up a blunt, get baked, and bring some for the trip. Go through your paints and anticipate how many cans you're going to use. When you've been into it for a long time, you know *exactly* how many cans of paint you're going to need — that's your ammunition. ... If you don't want to get questioned with evidence all over your fingers, you get your gloves; if you don't like breathing the fumes, you get a mask. Throw it all in the backpack.

MT: Being a graffiti artist has to be one of the most physically demanding forms of visual art.

Solomon: I know two graffiti artists in the city who are up everywhere — they're all-city. One of them I went to CCS with, the other one, I believe, was a student there too. Both of these individuals amaze me with the pieces that they get and where they get them. There've been times when I've seen something they've done that left me dumbstruck, like, "How the fuck did they get up there? How did they do that?" It's less about a person's size and strength and more about their desire to get their work out there. It just twists my head back, and I'm a break-dancer and a skateboarder.

MT: Are you trying to finish a piece in one setting or do you have to come back to it for a few nights?

Solomon: It depends. If you're puttin' up full-blown burner — like a big, badass, multi-color piece — those usually require more than one session.

MT: What's the difference between a burner and a bomber?

Solomon: Bombs are usually the illegal pieces, the big, multi-color blasts that make you wonder how the artist didn't get caught doing it. They're the bombs — it's like an explosion in your face.

MT: So the bomb trumps the burner?

Solomon: It depends on the bomb and its placement and how dope the letters are, how dope the fill is. You can have a sick, sick, sick burner that took you forever and has three dimensions and wild-style letters, but if someone comes up behind you and does something that is technically close to yours but they put it on top of a building in the middle of a flat-faced wall 100 feet from the ground and 50 feet from the roof and there are no footholes — you got trumped!

MT: Do graffiti battles still exist?

Solomon: Yeah, they still go on. Kids are getting their asses kicked, some have been stabbed. You know, there's a couple dumb-asses out there. ... I think it's just ridiculous. What's the point? There's a lot of talent here, some of these kids do incredible things with cans of spray paint, but there's isolation. It's how we operate. Even in our own city, the crews are isolated from each other — voluntarily or otherwise.

MT: What's the answer?

Solomon: Primary Flight is the largest street-level art installation in the world. It's a unifier. The vast majority of the best graffiti artists on earth come together to do a whole neighborhood in Miami during Art Basel. It's the best of the best of the best and it's completely legal, sanctioned by the city with a corporate sponsor. We were given an area about the size of Hamtramck to work with and I only saw about 20 percent, if that, of the art completed the week we were there. CPOP is actually trying to get something like a Primary Detroit together. That would be huge for the city and for local artists. What the municipality has to understand is that if we brought in the world's best graffiti artists to put up bombs in designated areas, the art would stay up for a long, long time. They think it'll breed scribble tags and shit, but kids won't touch that art out of respect. Like anything, there's a code.



Sketches in Grit is a recurring column that looks at Detroit's fringe artists.

Reprint of Metro Times article located at <http://www.metrotimes.com/arts/story.asp?id=14804>



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The Three Weissmanns of Westport: A Different Kind of Love Triangle

A book review by Dominique Browning

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there were two sisters who lived in Manhattan. One was wildly emotional, the other smartly sensible. The sisters found love, as lovely women do, and they lost love, but no matter where love went they always worked hard and had rich lives. Now these sisters also had a sweet, beloved mother, whose own fairy tale of a life suddenly came apart when one day her sweet, beloved husband came home and announced that he was divorcing her. She was 75 years old. She was banished from her handsomely appointed Central Park West apartment. Her daughters rushed to her rescue. But their lives were falling apart, too. One was broke and disgraced, the other lonely and worried.

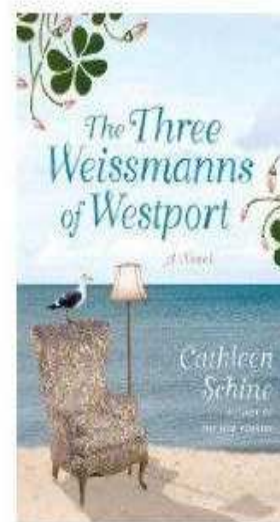
Both were in danger of misplacing their hearts yet again. So they all moved to an enchanted cottage. . . . And off races the sparkling, crisp, clever, deft, hilarious and deeply affecting new novel by Cathleen Schine, her best yet, "The Three Weissmanns of Westport."

Shall we quickly usher Jane Austen through? Dear readers will recognize the essential outlines of "Sense and Sensibility." Poor Jane — or is she lucky, to have been the object of such ransacking posthumous reverence? In recent years, "Emma," "Pride and Prejudice" and "Persuasion" have been hauled in to prop up the likes of the Bridget Jones novels, the movie "Clueless" and countless other projects. Austen is now considered the godmother of chick lit, whatever that is — let's just say, to heighten the inherent absurdity, any novel written by women about women for women, as even the idea of a chick being young is no longer operative. (After all, cougars are chicks too.) Nor is it necessarily a man who is the heroine's salvation.

Schine sets her novel squarely in the most appealing part of chick-lit territory — its light-hearted readability — and then thumbs her nose as she starts kicking up the dust. The strange thing about the Jane brigade is that most of its practitioners have raided only her plots, apparently not quite up to the task of honoring the essence of Austen. But Schine's homage has it all: stinging social satire, mordant wit, delicate charm, lilting language and cossetting materialistic detail.

"The Three Weissmanns of Westport" is richly inhabited. Schine's characters, minor and major, have such a precisely imagined presence that they need only nod with affectionate courtesy to the shadows cast by "Sense and Sensibility" before chasing them away. One of the sisters, even-tempered Annie, a librarian, lives in "the soft dappled world" of 19th-century English novels; she takes a mouthy, pacifying pleasure in simple words, like "jalopy." The other sister, fierce, self-absorbed, beautiful, loyal, tender Miranda, who "found talent and excitement everywhere," is a literary agent until she is disgraced by scandal, which Schine describes in a hilarious send-up of our own recent crop of lying writers and the television personalities who hype them too much.

Schine is clearly a writer who loves to read as much as she loves to write. And it is great fun to play English major with her. I indulged in a gratifying Austen binge (it had been a while), just for the pleasure of tracing the plot lines that are borrowed here, along with lots of other fine and wicked riffs. "The Three Weissmanns of Westport" is a dense fruitcake of apposite references: I spotted Louisa May Alcott (Annie "is too fond of books. It has turned her brain"); Emily Dickinson (who "made even fear feel rich and full and active"); and Dickens's Mr. Micawber (whose hopeful expectation makes him Annie's role model). With a resounding thwack, Schine also delivers a swift kick to certain middle-aged male writers when Annie falls for someone in spite of his work — which embodies "the qualities she disliked in both the Jewish writers of his generation (that showing off masked as neurosis) and the WASPs (the coldness masked as modesty)."





In this rarefied, upper-middle-class, genteel world, books and money matter. So does being Jewish, in a reformed, mildly self-mocking sort of way. The Weissmann parents, for whom Nazis are a living memory, are ever mindful of their social roles. "The goyim . . . do not feed their guests; it is not their custom," the girls' mother explains, bringing a cake as a gift while paying a social call. "We must respect the customs of other cultures, but that does not mean we have to starve." While they're decorating their Christmas tree, her husband reminds the girls that "this holiday celebrates the birth of a man in whose name an entire religion has persecuted and murdered our people for thousands of years. . . . And knowing that, why should we let them have all the fun?"

The plot takes appropriately unexpected twists and turns as the sisters carom through their love affairs. I, for one, can't wait for the inevitable movie. But "The Three Weissmanns of Westport" is much more than a romantic comedy. Or, rather, the romance is located in motherhood and in memories of childhood, as much as in a lover's bed. Whether she's describing tender moments with a 2-year-old or with young adult sons, Schine is perceptive, even breathtaking, in her observations. There's also real pain in these pages. The characters lie awake in the middle of the night, agonizing, careers smashed, bank accounts emptied. "Old age was now, too, caught

up in the stink of financial worry. She was a successful woman in her early 50s and cutting corners the way she had as a graduate student." That will feel sadly familiar to thousands of us.

Under the snap and sizzle of the story there lurks a profound tragedy — in the heartbreak of the jettisoned wife, chucked out "to spin helplessly in the dark, infinite sky of elderly divorce." Annie's writer boyfriend gives readings in front of "a hundred such women, a thousand. . . . Older women, still beautiful in their older way, still vibrant in their older way, with their beauty and vibrancy suddenly accosted by the one thing beauty and vibrancy cannot withstand — irrelevance."

Chicks need a happy ending, at least every once in a while. What choice is there but to believe that something good will happen? Schine gives her characters more than their fair share of luck, but she is also brave enough to let them wrestle with raw fear. Among its many gifts to the dearest sort of reader, a fully engaged one, "The Three Weissmanns of Westport" offers the chance for a meditation on that snake of Emily Dickinson's as it slithers through the grass — the snake that sometimes startles and frightens us, so undefended and unprepared are we, caught in our "tighter breathing, and zero at the bone."

Dominique Browning writes an online column for the Environmental Defense Fund. Her new memoir, "Slow Love," will be published in May.

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A trip through freedom's hometown

The most visited tourist spot in Philadelphia is the Liberty Bell; No. 2 is the Franklin Mills Outlet Mall, which confirms my belief that our nation was founded on the freedom to shop.

In fact, Philadelphia got its start because of an invoice that was overdue. England's King Charles II owed 16,000 pounds to William Penn, but the king was a little short of cash, so he paid off the debt by giving Penn a huge tract of land in North America -- an area bigger than England.

Penn was an aristocrat, which the king liked, but he was also a Quaker, which the king didn't like. The Quakers were much too liberal for the king; they believed in freedom of religion, and thought that a government should represent the needs of all the people. Outrageous ideas!

Charles threw 10,000 Quakers into prison, Penn among them. So the opportunity to pay off a debt, and send Penn and the Quakers to a colony 3,000 miles away, seemed like a great idea. Penn could conduct his holy experiment so far away that the king would not be bothered.

Only one problem -- the ideas that came to Pennsylvania with the Quakers were the very ideas that formed the basis of the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War. Some days, you just can't win.

Philadelphia was the capital of Penn's colony; what the brothers loved most was freedom, particularly freedom from England. In 1750, as part of the 50th anniversary of Pennsylvania's Charter of Privileges, a bell was ordered from England. The inscription around the crown reads, "Proclaim liberty through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

They hung the Liberty Bell in the Statehouse, which is now known as Independence Hall. The first time they rang it, it cracked, so they recast it. They tried to ring it again, and it cracked again. The point seemed to be that anybody who trusted England to give the colonies a fair shake had to be cracked.

Eventually a group of people who felt that way ended up in Independence Hall. They were delegates to the Continental Congress and had come from each of the 13 original colonies. On July 4, 1776, they adopted the Declaration of Independence, which led to our fight for freedom and made Philadelphia the capital of the United States.

But there was life in Philadelphia before the Revolution. Chris Klemek is a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania working on his doctorate in history. Under the rubric "Poor Richard's Walking Tours" he guides visitors through the history of the city. Slightly irreverent and thought-provoking, his tour is an interesting way to see Philadelphia.

Klemek pointed out that Penn was a radical guy, an aristocrat who converted to Quakerism and was constantly advancing revolutionary ideas. And as you walk through Philadelphia you can see the radical way that Penn laid out his town -- creating the first planned city in the modern world. In stark contrast to the London in which he was born and that he watched burn to the ground in 1666 because it was so dense and unplanned, Penn designed Philadelphia as a perfect open grid. He also decided that everyone who lived in his grid would be free to follow whatever religion attracted him in any way he saw fit -- a reaction against the persecution that Penn was subjected to as a Quaker in England. Philadelphia became the first truly diverse society in America.

By the eve of the Revolution Philadelphia was the largest city in the English-speaking world after London. And it was rich. There is no better illustration of the wealth that came to Philadelphia in this time than the Christ Church, built in the 1730s and '40s in grand high Georgian style. At the time of construction, it was the greatest building in North America. It is in extraordinary contrast to the austere, frugal Quaker meetinghouse, which embodied the ideals that Penn was trying to bring to his wholesome colony.

It was the very success of the colony that ultimately undermined many of Penn's ideals. The best example of this problem was slavery, which was at the heart of much of the wealth coming into Pennsylvania. As early as 1688, the Quakers were at the forefront of the anti-slavery movement and favored abolition.



By the middle of the 1700s, large segments of the population were dissatisfied with the colony's relationship to England and wanted out. The resulting movement was centered in Philadelphia; the plotting began in Carpenter's Hall, where radical ideas were discussed -- codified in Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," which said citizens could overthrow a government and challenge a millennial tradition of monarchy. They were plotting treason, planning to take on the most powerful army and navy in the world.

Just how radical was this revolution? It could easily be said that this was a conservative revolution that did not fundamentally restructure American society. These days the media is filled with stories dealing with the connection between money and politics as if it were something new, but few people realize that at the time of the revolution George Washington was the wealthiest man in America. Was he merely the 18th century equivalent of a Bill Gates leading a movement to have Seattle secede from the nation in response to a governmental antitrust case?

The illustrious documents produced in Philadelphia proclaim enlightenment and ideals of liberty and equality for all men. But tensions from Penn's time on just these issues continued for centuries. How did slavery exist in this ostensibly enlightened nation? Why didn't women vote? Why weren't Native Americans citizens? In the end these tensions make the Liberty Bell an ironic metaphor -- a flawed, cracked emblem of an unfinished revolution.

But there's life in Philadelphia after the Revolution. And this is where we need to talk about good old Ben Franklin, because all through the 1700s, Franklin was founding path-breaking institutions for cultivating practical knowledge and skills. He set up America's first lending library, its first modern university, its first philosophical society, all unique institutions in America and all means to bringing Philadelphia to the vanguard of a second revolution: the Industrial Revolution.

Philadelphia became the center of the railroad industry and home to the Pennsylvania Railroad, the world's first billion-dollar corporation. It's also where John Wanamaker invented the modern department store. And from a tourist's point of view, the best part about Philadelphia is that no matter what you are looking at, the religious toleration of the 17th century, the political revolutions of the 18th century or the industrial revolutions of the 19th century, all the monuments are still standing. Philadelphia is the best place to come if you want to understand America.

Being the first city in North America to have a hospital and a medical school gave Philadelphia a serious interest in medical history, and one place to see that interest on display is the Mütter Museum. Perhaps its most unusual exhibition is a collection of 139 skulls, representing the people of Eastern and Central Europe. The museum acquired them in 1874 from an anatomist who used them to study the relationship between biology and destiny. He finally concluded that skull shape has nothing to do with destiny.

The Mütter is also home to the Jackson collection of foreign bodies, or objects swallowed or inhaled. Dr. Jackson was a pioneer in the field of broncho-esophagology who perfected instruments that could reach into people's air passages and remove things that they were choking on. He saved them in order to record the case history of each object and show other doctors, faced with a similar situation, what had worked. It's a teaching collection for fellow broncho-esophagologists.

Philadelphia has the largest collection of outdoor murals. They were put up as part of the Mural Arts Program, started in 1984 as a way to combat graffiti. The organizers thought that if they could take people who had been caught tagging walls and channel their energy into something more positive, it would be a way to change things around. Over 2,000 murals were put up; there have been very few instances of graffiti on those walls. The program offers an interesting tour of the works.

Not on most lists of sights to see in Philadelphia, but downtown and worth a visit, is the Masonic Temple, home of the Freemasons. The Freemasons are the world's oldest and largest fraternity, and many of the Founding Fathers belonged to the organization, including George Washington. There are free daily tours of their building.

Philadelphia has become the leading city for African-American tourism in the United States. Part of the reason is historic, but just as important is the role that African-American artists play in the city's present cultural life. A perfect example is Philadanco, a modern, contemporary dance company, founded by Joan Myers Brown.

The city also has an unusual blend of music and dance, which is only on display New Year's Day, when Philadelphia's New Year Shooters and Mummers Association holds its annual parade. Shooters got their name from Scandinavian settlers who came to this area in the 1600s and would fire their guns as part of their New Year's celebrations. The name for Mummers comes from Momus, the ancient Greek god of mockery. The French word mumeur is a disguised participant at a festival who makes fun of society. James Bland, an African-American composer of the 1800s, wrote "Oh, 'Dem Golden Slippers," the official song of the parade. And the official dance step is a cakewalk, a high strut with a backward tilt.

The Reading Terminal Market has supplied the cooks of Philadelphia with excellent products for over 100 years, but it is also a good market for tourists. Try the soft pretzels, which are served with mustard; hoagies, which were developed to celebrate the first presentation in Philadelphia of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta; and cheese steaks, which have become a signature food in the history of Philadelphia gastronomy.



Places to visit in Philadelphia

Koo Zee Doo

Neighborhoods: Northern Liberties, Spring Garden

614 N 2nd St.

Philadelphia, PA 19123

(215) 923-8080

koozeedoo.com/

Parc

Neighborhood: Rittenhouse Square

227 S 18th St

Philadelphia, PA 19103

(215) 545-2262

www.parc-restaurant.com

Jose's Tacos

Neighborhoods: Callowhill, Spring Garden

469 N 10th St

Philadelphia, PA 19123

(215) 765-2369

Garces Trading Co

Neighborhood: Washington Square West

1111 Locust St

Philadelphia, PA 19107

(215) 574-1099

www.garcestadingcompany.com

Distrto

Neighborhood: University City

3945 Chestnut St

Philadelphia, PA 19104

(215) 222-1657

www.distrtorestaurant.com

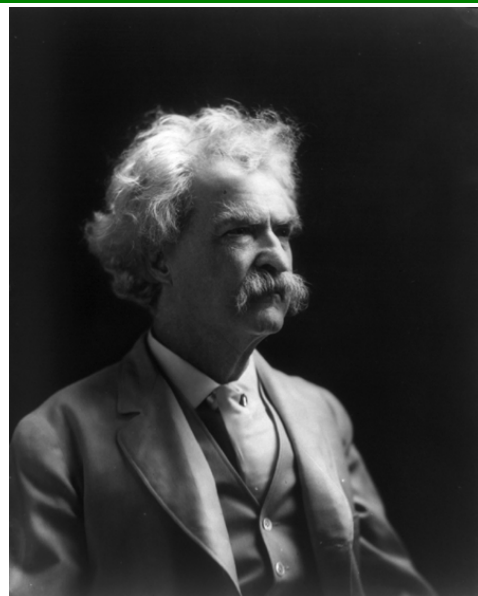


The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

By Mark Twain

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.



Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dogfight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddlebug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddlebug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."



Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo-castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flatfooted and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."



The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

nd the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a French-man, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look might baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I an't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.



Style Friends

After years of more-is-more fashion, it's going to take some serious shopping to achieve Fall's pared-down, ultraclean look. From the new double-breasted jackets to neo-nineties flares, we've selected ten key pieces to help get you started.



1. flares

The nineties are having a moment, which means that leg-elongating flares were back on the runways. Balmain's Christophe Decarnin may be known for his thigh-baring minidresses, but these boot-cut trousers prove he's no slouch in the pants department, either.



3. a camel coat

Beige, boring? Not since Phoebe Philo landed back on the scene last year. Taking cues from her influential resort collection for Celine, designers sent out a cavalcade of camel coats. Hannah MacGibbon's take for Chloé has an oversize menswear vibe.



5. statement gloves

Basic black leather just won't do this Fall. Rodarte's Kate and Laura Mulleavy got arts-and-craftsy, stitching together their driving gloves from cut leather and hand-tatted lace.



7. short, cuffed jeans

Who needs another pair of jeans? You do, if you don't have Isabel Marant's capri-length, cuffed denim. Accessorize with equally fifties-ish pointy-toed pumps, varsity jacket, dangly earrings, and a high, bouncy ponytail.



9. a longer skirt

Designer newcomers Ashley and Mary-Kate Olsen of The Row are getting behind the new longer skirt length, and where fashion influencers like these two go, others are sure to follow.



2. something velvet

Tactile, touch-me fabrics were big for Fall, none more so than velvet. Up-and-comer Joseph Altuzarra went with red and cut it into lean, mean pantsuits and coat-dresses one part power woman, the other part femme fatale.



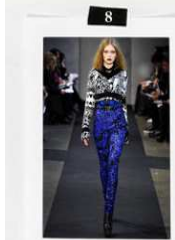
4. a shearling

Goodbye biker jacket, hello shearling aviator. Reed Krakoff's debut signature collection was long on strong outerwear; this butterscotch leather number was the flyest of the bunch.



6. a fur bag

So much for the global economic recession. The fur was flying on the runways like it rarely has before. Marc by Marc Jacobs' lamb fur bag is one way to get the look without breaking the bank.



8. a cropped sweater

Dries Van Noten's slashed-sleeve, slouchy sweatshirt came in a close second, but our vote for Fall's must-have topper goes to the cropped sweater that popped up at downtown favorites Proenza Schouler. Better register for that Core Fusion class stat.



10. a double-breasted jacket

Trouser suits were everywhere this season, but the smart money is on Bottega Veneta. Tomas Maier's double-breasted navy two-piecer is brilliantly simple and simply timeless.

Original article found on Style.com at

http://www.style.com/trendshopping/stylenotes/032910_Top_Ten_Must_Haves/



Friendship between sexes



Can men and women truly just be friends? Or do you agree with Billy Crystal's sentiments from the movie "When Harry Met Sally"?

Kate White, the editor-in-chief at Cosmopolitan magazine, tells **The Early Show** co-anchor **Hannah Storm** there is such a thing as a platonic friendship between men and women *and* Billy Crystal's character was right.

According to White, men and women view this question very differently: Men think about sex 24/7 (that's just the way their brains are wired), and they wouldn't mind if a platonic friendship went to the next level. But women believe truly and sincerely that they can be friends with men without sex even entering their minds.

White says men and women can be friends. But, she notes, it can be fraught with problems if you don't keep things in check.

She claims that 80 percent of women underestimate how often men are attracted to them; this applies to male friends, not just a guy you pass on the street. Women are more likely to be friends with an

attractive male with no sexual tension, she says, as opposed to a man who wouldn't mind if he slept with his female friend even if she's not a 100 percent his physical type.

Today's work landscape has changed things for both men and women. The workplace has become the spot where you make friends and other important relationships. About 30 years ago, you wouldn't have really found women and men working on equal footing as much as you do now. Also, workdays are longer than they used to be, so you are likely to spend more time with your work colleagues than your life partner. White cites new studies that she says show that 62 percent of all affairs started in the office place.

Let's say your husband has a female colleague with whom he has become friendly:

Clues to trouble:

It's dangerous when your husband says about a female colleague things like "how easy she is to talk to" or "how she loves the same hobbies." If your *husband considers the woman a confidante*, that's a problem, because something that starts out as work talk could easily go into discussing about personal problems. White says your husband should consider *you* the confidante.

Your partner opened the door to a more *personal/ conversation/ relationship* with the other woman. For example, you may laugh, thinking, "Oh, he's just talking about the work stuff" that you might not be interested in. Or he may tell you "Oh, I was telling Kim what a great wife you are because you baked me a cake. And Kim thinks I'm so lucky."

According to White, this is a problem because this can lead to crossing the line. It can quickly turn from him sharing good news about you and him to sharing negative news like: "Kim and I fought about vacation plans yesterday," which can lead the female friend to say, "Oh, she doesn't know how lucky she is to have a husband who wants to go on vacation." These are the kind of things that can easily make your husband think you don't appreciate him, so it makes it even more enticing for him to turn to his female friend, because he wants to feel adored.

Remember that cheating does not just always start with a physical relationship. You can cheat on a person emotionally and mentally if you seek comfort from someone besides your spouse. Your husband should seek comfort in your arms - not another woman's.

He doesn't want to mix you and her in social groups. If he doesn't want you and him to go on double dates with her and date or he doesn't like to chat with her when you're around, that's a problem because that means he doesn't want that rapport with you because all of the sudden this relationship to him is exciting and new.



Preventive measures:

Ask specific questions, not a general one. For example, ask: "How was your presentation today?" Not: "How was your day?" This allows you to have a more detailed conversation with him; it shows him that you care.

Be territorial: "Women today feel less inclined to do this because it's not part of a woman's role today. Women are viewed more as equals, so they feel less need to seem like a submissive girl." However, White says it's important to go to the after-office party or cocktails. This gives you a chance to show that your relationship is strong; show that your husband/boyfriend is interested in you; shows that you're involved in his life.

Make him feel special. Travel is such a big part of work today, so it can be easy for couples to feel distant. So send them off feeling great; keep in touch often - without seeming like you're checking on him; e-mail and cell phones are great.

What to do if you suspect something:

Address it calmly: Do not freak out. Do not yell. Be calm, just state: "I don't like how close you are to Mary."

Set limits: "I'd prefer you not have drinks with her alone."

Re-energize: We've all been there. Life sometimes gets in the way, whether it's a new job or a new baby, your relationship takes a back burner. But this is when things can happen, so refocus, and plan something for you and your partner to do. Make time for your relationship. It needs time and energy just like anything else. The key here is cut down the motive and the opportunity.

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The Bible View

Can Men and Women Be "Just Friends"?

Can men and women who are not married to each other be friends? That depends on what we mean by the word "friend." Jesus was a close friend of Mary and Martha of Bethany—both single women. (John 11:1, 5) The apostle Paul was a friend of Priscilla and her husband, Aquila. (Acts 18:2, 3) We can be sure that these individuals shared warm affection. At the same time, we cannot imagine that either Jesus or Paul ever allowed these relationships to drift in the direction of romance.

Modern society thrusts men and women into each other's worlds more than ever before, and it is becoming increasingly necessary for people of both genders to know how to have appropriate, friendly relationships with each other. Couples too benefit from wholesome friendships with other couples and with single people.

"Distinguishing between romantic, sexual and friendly feelings, however, can be exceedingly difficult," cautions *Psychology Today* magazine. "The reality that sexual attraction could suddenly enter the equation of a cross-sex friendship uninvited is always lurking in the background. A simple, platonic hug could instantaneously take on a more amorous meaning."

For married couples, being realistic and practical is especially important. "All forms of intimacy with others can threaten a marriage," writes author Dennis Prager in his book *Happiness Is a Serious Problem*. "It is not sex alone that makes for an intimate relationship, and your spouse has the right to expect to be your one truly intimate friend of the opposite sex." Jesus pointed out that maintaining moral chastity is a matter of the heart. (Matthew 5:28) Therefore, be friendly, but guard your heart and scrupulously avoid situations that could lead to improper thoughts, feelings, or actions toward anyone of the opposite sex.



FriendRequest

Last winter, in the middle of my intern year, I became Facebook friends with a young man who was dying in the intensive-care unit. An investment banker in his mid-20s, he thought he was healthy until a fluttering in his chest and swollen ankles took him to a doctor. Now he was in the I.C.U. with a rare cardiac condition and the vague possibility of a transplant.

And his laptop. That's the first thing I noticed the morning a group of us stood outside his room on rounds. He was shocked by his internal defibrillator three times the night before — died, that is, three times before being brought back with jolts of electricity. And this young man with a steroid-swollen face was surfing the Internet.

In medical school, when we cut open a cadaver and lifted the heart from its silent cage, it was beautiful and unreal. With this patient, it was clear to me that there would be no poetry. He was dying, and it would be ugly, and I knew I couldn't help him. He terrified me.

Eventually, I was sent in to pull a central line out of his neck. "Hey," I said. I told him I was just going to cut out the stitches and then pull out the line — basically a large IV for giving drugs — from the vein deep inside. It would bleed, and I'd apply pressure for a while. When I pulled, I told him, I wanted him to hum.

"Hum?" he said. He sounded like a regular guy, and I thought suddenly of fantasy football and beer.

"Uh . . . well, we don't want an air bubble," I said while I cut the sutures. "Humming increases the pressure in your chest and keeps air from wanting to go in."

I braced one hand against his shoulder and yanked the line out from his neck. "HmMMMM. . . ." His throat cracked, and I sensed he had a bad singing voice. I jammed the gauze down, but still blood dripped onto his gown, spreading into the fabric. I leaned my weight into his neck and felt him flinch. He turned his head toward the window, toward the snow.

"It's like Siberia out there," I said. It turned out he actually went there a few years before with friends. They took the Trans-Siberian Railway. "That is so cool," I said.

"Are you on Facebook?" he asked me. "I'll friend you, and you can see the pictures."

The last time a guy asked me that, I was in a crowded bar, giggling with the promise of meeting someone new. Now I was in the I.C.U. With every breath he took, I was scared the monitors would go off and he would die and I wouldn't know what to do.



That night, I went online and found the friend request. I clicked on his name. There he was, I thought, though not with swollen cheeks and belly, wasted arms and legs. This boy on Facebook was, well, hot. He was "single," and he liked Radiohead and Tom Clancy. He'd been sending upbeat status updates from the I.C.U.; to read them, you'd never know he was so sick, but to me they were missives from a dying man.

My rotation in the I.C.U. ended soon after this, and I didn't see him. But when I couldn't sleep, sometimes I found myself opening his Facebook page, reading those status reports, glancing at his photos. Meanwhile, I learned that his kidneys were no longer working, that he kept spiking fevers, that he hadn't received a transplant.

And then a few weeks later, I received a message from him in my online in-box: "Can I stop humming yet?"

I wish I could say that I responded, but instead I hesitated, and then signed off. I still don't know why. I didn't think there was an ethical principle about following a patient on Facebook, and I didn't worry that he'd see a picture of me in a bikini on my page. Maybe it was just that it had been weeks since that day I held pressure to his wound while he hummed, and I just couldn't believe he remembered.

After that, I wanted to go in and see how he was doing, but I didn't. I also stopped looking at his Facebook page, worried that he would somehow sense my online footprints. Months passed. One evening, I signed on to find his page filled with messages of condolence. They stretched for pages, and I read each one. Later, I signed on to our medical-records system and followed the notes that led — inevitably now — to his death. At the very end, I learned, his family said, enough.

Since then in my job, I've had to learn to look at death, in all its horrible manifestations, and not take pause. But I still find myself wishing for another chance to respond to that casual online message. To say: "Hey, what's up? I'm sorry it took me so long to get back to you. You're O.K. to stop humming now."

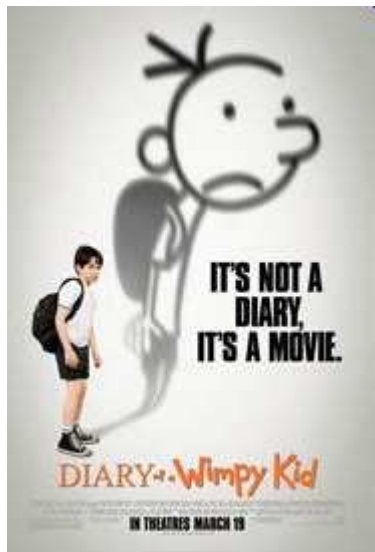
Reprint of article found at <http://www.nytimes.com/2010/03/14/magazine/14lives-t.html>

About the Author Daniela Lamas is a medical resident at NewYork-Presbyterian/Columbia hospital.



Diary of a Wimpy Kid

A film review by Roget Ebert



It is so hard to do a movie like this well. "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" is a PG-rated comedy about the hero's first year of middle school, and it's nimble, bright and funny. It doesn't dumb down. It doesn't patronize. It knows something about human nature. It isn't as good as "[A Christmas Story](#)," as few movies are, but it deserves a place in the same sentence. Here is a family movie you don't need a family to enjoy. You must, however, have been a wimpy kid. Most kids are wimpy in their secret hearts. Those that never were grow up to be cage fighters.

Greg Heffley isn't the shortest student in his class. That would be Chirag Gupta. Greg (Zachary Gordon) is only the second shortest. He's at that crucial age when everybody else has started to grow. There's a funny slide show illustrating how his class looked in sixth grade, and how they look now -- some with mustaches. The girls of course are taller than the boys.

The onset of adolescence is an awkward age, made marginally easier for Greg because he still hasn't developed an interest in girls. Even his best friend Rowley (Robert Capron) is flattered to be noticed by a girl, and Rowley is so out of it, he thinks that at his age kids still "play," when, as we all know, they "hang."

The girl who notices Greg and Rowley is Angie (Chloe Moretz), who seems wise beyond her years. We first see her under the bleachers, reading *Howl* by [Allen Ginsberg](#). Keep your eye on her in high school. She looks way older than her two new friends, but I checked, and Moretz was only 12 when she made the movie.

In middle school, we find cliques, cruelty and bullying. The pack is poised to pounce. "Diary" is especially funny about a slice of Swiss cheese that was dropped on a playground sometime in the distant past and has grown an alarming coating of mold. Some kid poked it once, and all the other kids avoided him like the plague. He had the dreaded Cheese Touch. He only got rid of it by touching another kid. Then that kid had the Touch, until -- and so on. The cheese nicely symbolizes the hunger kids have for an excuse, any excuse, to make other kids pariahs. Remember what happened to anyone who wore green on a Thursday?

Where do they find these actors? They come up on TV, I guess. Chloe Moretz has been acting since she was 7. Zachary Gordon has the confidence and timing of an old pro; he plays wimpy as if it's a desirable character trait. Robert Capron, as his pudgy best friend Rowley, pulls off the tricky fear of being an inch or two taller than Greg, and yet still childish; wait until you see his Halloween costume. Greg's parents (Rachael Harris and [Steve Zahn](#)) aren't major characters, because what happens in school consumes all of Greg's psychic energy. His older brother Rodrick (Devon Bostick) is of course a sadistic teaser who makes life miserable. But at that age, so it goes.

The movie is inspired by the books of Jeff Kinney, and the titles reproduce his hand-lettering and drawing style. The movie reproduces his charm. The director, Thor Freudenthal, made "[Hotel for Dogs](#)" (2009), received affectionately in some circles, but this time, his touch is more sure and his humor more sunny.

Reprint of <http://rogerebert.suntimes.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20100317/REVIEWS/100319980>



What Impact Are You Having On Others?

By Julie Fuimano



Lately, people, places and things have been reminding me of my friend and coaching colleague, Susan Race, who died suddenly in 2008. She was one of the first coaches I met when I entered coaching in 2001. She offered a bright smile, was always supportive, loving, energetic, and generous with her time and talents. She left a mark on my life and on many others.

What is a life? It is moments of time. All we take with us when we leave this life is our experiences, our love, and our lessons. And what we leave behind is the impact we make on the lives of others. We have a choice about how we experience our life in any given moment AND we choose the impact we wish to have on others.

Everyday, as you go about your day-to-day activities, whether you are at work or with family and friends, you have an impact on people's lives. Do you know what this impact is? And are you happy with the impact your life is having on the lives of the people around you?

Focus on You

Time and time again I hear complaints about "management" from staff. They don't want to point fingers so it tends to be general statements about leadership such as "They don't care. They don't listen." This leads to poor morale and can impact the bottom line in the form of turnover and the use of sick time. Do you know how your staff feels about you? What are they saying? It does not matter whether they are right or wrong; their perception is their truth.

Your impact is about you and the experience others have with you. It's important not to pawn your power off on others by believing that you have no control over what other people think of you. Your actions lead to the impact you have in the minds of other people. In other words, you are the cause; their perception is the effect.

It's not just your behavior that's impactful, but also your energy, emotions, mood, words, and body language. It's what you don't do as much as what you do. People may not remember what you say, but they will remember how you make them feel. And, as a leader or business owner, or even a parent, your impact has a reach that extends far and wide. It takes on a life of its own as people share their experiences of you with others. In addition, people have their own moods and priorities at the time they experience you or your message. This influences their perception.

For example, at work, you may be a people-pleaser or perhaps you fear not being liked. These concerns cause you to not speak up, to tolerate problems longer than you should or need to; you avoid conflict or minimize difficult personalities or negativity in the workplace. This in turn, influences your self-esteem and your ability to lead. The environment you create in the workplace reflects your actions. At home, if you are concerned about being liked, this will be reflected in how you parent and how you treat your spouse. You are less likely to ask for help or for your needs to be met, causing resentment and anger to build, much like it does at work. This discontent festers and affects the most important relationships in your life. You risk alienating your spouse and children. And your children are learning from you that people-pleasing is important, that you should sacrifice yourself to please others and avoid conflict at any cost, even to the detriment of yourself and your happiness.

So what's the answer? How do you learn to create the kind of impact that you want people to have of you? Here are three steps – simple, not easy. As with anything important, it takes consistent effort over time to create change. Be patient with yourself and focus on being persistent.

Step One: Choose to Be Your Best

From the moment you get up in the morning to the moment you go to bed, you are being watched. Your kids, your spouse, the neighbors, your parents, your boss, your employees – everyone – is watching you. Employees and children in particular are especially good at watching every move. And most importantly, YOU are watching you! I call this being on Permanent Video. You may not like this concept but that does not make it less true. It is what it is.



People watch you and they make impressions about how they think of you and what they feel about you. Even you have impressions about you.

In reality, it doesn't matter that you are being watched. You can choose to go about your life without concerning yourself about what others think. People always have an opinion. However, as a leader, what matters is that you care about what people see and experience when they are in your presence. This means choosing to be a role model, knowing that people are watching you and learning from you, and simply caring about how you show up as you go navigate through your day-to-day. It's a choice to be your best. It's a choice to be the leader in your life in every area of your life. Keep learning and developing yourself; continue to stretch your leadership muscles. The highest level of maturity is when you are able to be real, genuine, and authentic.

Step Two: Take Charge of Your Impact

Decide how you would like people to feel in your presence. How do you want people to feel about themselves after having spent time with you?

Choose three or four attributes to describe you – characteristics you want to be known for. If people were asked to describe you, you would want them to use these or similar words. Choose these attributes, and then live them. Each day in every way possible, you must espouse these qualities in all areas of your life. Your actions and your words must be congruent with these attributes. Regardless of how you are known right now, you can change people's perceptions but it takes time and consistent effort. People have an impression of you now; this is called your personal brand. Unless you are changing jobs, being promoted, or starting business – excellent times to change your brand – recreating yourself with a new brand can be challenging. People expect you to behave a certain way; they will need to experience the new you often enough and long enough for their perception to be altered. And even then, you might have to point out to them that you have become different so they start looking for these new characteristics through your new behaviors.

Step Three: Obtain Feedback

How will you know that you are making the impact you want? You must observe yourself, observe others' reactions to you, and ask people directly for feedback. As a leader, it is often difficult to obtain good feedback from others especially if those around you are people pleasers. This is where good coaching can help. Other ways to learn how others feel about you include noticing how people respond to your presence in a room, whether people openly share ideas or if they stay silent, or how people respond to direct questioning about issues. These techniques will give you much feedback about how comfortable people feel around you.

The only thing you can control is you. By consciously choosing how you want others to feel when they are with you, you can start to create the kind of impact you want to have in this lifetime. What do you want people to say about you when you leave the room or when your name comes up in conversation? It's not too late! Begin right now to make the impact you want in the lives of those you meet along your journey.

About the Author

Julie Fuimano, RN, MBA, CSAC is named one of the TOP 100 THOUGHT LEADERS in personal leadership development. Your happiness and success is her business! Her coaching clients experience dramatic and profound results in their productivity, level of confidence, and their relationships. As a certified coach, accomplished writer, and motivational speaker, Julie empowers your personal best and teaches you simple, practical tools for meeting your goals, communicating effectively with others, and enjoying yourself at work and at home. Visit www.NurturingYourSuccess.com to learn more about coaching with Julie to have her speak at your next meeting or conference. Subscribe to her blog at www.NurturingYourSuccessBlog.com.



Satisfying Our Hunger for Friendship

"LONELINESS is not an illness," states the book *In Search of Intimacy*. "Loneliness is a healthy hunger . . . , a natural sign that we are lacking companionship." Just as hunger moves us to take in nourishing food, feelings of loneliness should move us to seek out good friends.

Yet, as Yaël, a young woman in France, observes, "some people avoid all contact with others." But isolating ourselves, for whatever reason, solves nothing and inevitably makes us feel lonelier than ever. A Bible proverb says: "One isolating himself will seek his own selfish longing; against all practical wisdom he will break forth." (Proverbs 18:1) So first we need to recognize our need for friendship and then resolve to do something about it.

Take Practical Steps Toward Friendship

Instead of feeling sorry for yourself or envying those who seem to have more or better friendships, why not adopt a positive attitude, as did Manuela, from Italy? She says: "Particularly as a teen, I felt that I was being left out. To overcome this, I studied people who had good friends. Then I tried to develop the good qualities they had, to make myself a more pleasant person."

One practical step is to take care of yourself physically and otherwise. A healthful diet, proper rest, and adequate exercise all help you to look and feel your best. Being neat, clean, and well-groomed not only makes you more desirable to be around but also gives you a healthy measure of self-respect. However, do not fall into the trap of becoming overly concerned about outward appearances. "Wearing fashionable clothing doesn't make any difference in finding real friends," notes Gaëlle, from France. "What good people are looking for is the inner person."



"A true companion is loving all the time, and is a brother that is born for when there is distress." (Proverbs 17:17)

After all, our innermost thoughts and feelings affect what we talk about and even how we look. Do you have a confident outlook on life? This will help you to have a happy expression on your face. A genuine smile is the most attractive thing you can wear and, explains body-language expert Roger E. Axtell, "it is absolutely universal" and "is rarely misunderstood." Add to that a good sense of humor, and people will be naturally drawn to you.

Remember, such good qualities come from the inside. So actively fill your mind and heart with wholesome, positive thoughts and feelings. Read about interesting and meaningful subjects—current events, different cultures, natural phenomena. Listen to uplifting music. But avoid passively allowing TV, movies, and novels to clog your mind and emotions with fantasy. The relationships usually portrayed on the screen are not real life, not real friendships, but the product of someone's imagination.

Open Your Heart!

Zuleica, who lives in Italy, recalls: "When I was younger, I was shy, and I found it hard to make friends. But I knew that if we want to have friends, we have to take the initiative, make ourselves known, and get to know others." Yes, to have real friends, we must open up to others—let them get to know who we really are. Such communication and sharing are far more important to true friendship than having good looks and a charismatic personality. "People with deep and lasting friendships may be introverts, extroverts, young, old, dull, intelligent, homely, good-looking; but the one characteristic they always have in common is openness," observes counselor Dr. Alan Loy McGinnis. "They have a certain transparency, allowing people to see what is in their hearts."

This doesn't mean wearing your heart on your sleeve or revealing your innermost secrets to people you don't feel comfortable with. But it does mean selectively and progressively revealing your true thoughts and feelings to others. Michela, from Italy, says: "At first, I had the problem of concealing my feelings. I had to make changes, to try to manifest my feelings more, in order for my friends to understand what I was feeling and to feel closer to me."

Even if you are naturally gregarious, however, it still takes time and shared experiences for mutual trust to develop between friends. In the meantime, try not to be overly anxious about what others may think of you. Elisa, in Italy, recalls: "My problem was that every time I wanted to say something, I was afraid it wasn't going to come out right. Then I thought, 'If people really are my friends, they will understand.' So if something came out wrong, I just laughed at myself, and everyone laughed with me."



Therefore, relax! Just be yourself. Putting on an act doesn't help. "No one can be more attractive than by being his or her sincere, best self," wrote family counselor F. Alexander Magoun. People who are truly happy don't have to fake it or try to impress others. Only by being genuine can we enjoy genuine friendship. Likewise, we need to let others be themselves. Happy people accept others as they are, not fretting over minor foibles. They don't feel the need to remake their friends to conform to their own preconceived ideas. Work to be that type of happy, noncritical person.

To Have a Friend, Be a Friend

There is an even more important factor—the most fundamental one. Nearly 2,000 years ago, Jesus showed that the key to success in all human relations is *unselfish love*. He taught: "Just as you want men to do to you, do the same way to them." (Luke 6:31)

This teaching has come to be known as the Golden Rule. Yes, the only way to have real friends is to be an unselfish, giving friend yourself. In other words, to have a friend, be a friend. To be successful, friendship must be more about giving than about getting. We must be prepared to put our friend's needs ahead of our own preferences and convenience.

Manuela, quoted previously, notes: "Just as Jesus said it would, true happiness comes from giving. The person receiving is happy, but the giver is even happier. We can give simply by sincerely asking how our friends are, by trying to understand their problems, and by doing all we can without waiting for them to ask." So reach out to others, including the friends you already have. Strengthen your relationships. Do not sacrifice friendship for less-noble and less-fulfilling pursuits. Friends deserve time and attention. Ruben, in Italy, comments: "Taking time is fundamental to finding and keeping friends. First of all, it takes time to be a good listener. We can all improve in listening and in showing our interest in what others say by not interrupting."

Show Respect for Others

Another key element of happy, long-term friendships is mutual respect. This includes showing consideration for others' feelings. You want your friends to be tactful and discreet when their tastes or opinions differ from yours, don't you? Shouldn't you treat them the same?—Romans 12:10. Another way we show respect is by not smothering our friends. Real friendship is neither jealous nor possessive. At 1 Corinthians 13:4, the Bible states: "Love is not jealous." So guard against the tendency to want your friends all to yourself. If they confide in others, do not take offense and perhaps even shun them. Learn that we all need to widen out in our friendships. Allow your friends to develop other friendships too.

Consider also your friends' need for privacy. Individuals, as well as married couples, need time for themselves. While you should not hesitate to reach out to others, be balanced and thoughtful, and do not wear out your welcome with your friends. The Bible cautions: "Make your foot rare at the house of your fellowman, that he may not have his sufficiency of you."—Proverbs 25:17.

Do Not Demand Perfection

Of course, when people get to know each other, they become more aware of the other's weaknesses as well as strengths. Still, we should not let this hold us back from making friends. "Some expect a bit too much from potential friends," comments Pacôme, in France. "They want them to have only good qualities, but that's not possible." Not one of us has perfection to offer, and we do not have the right to demand it of others. We hope our friends will accept us despite our imperfections and make allowances for us. Shouldn't we try to overlook our friends' shortcomings too, by not imagining or overemphasizing them? Author Dennis Prager reminds us: "Flawless friends (i.e., those who never complain, are always loving, never have moods, are fixated on us, and never disappoint us) are known as pets." If we don't want to end up with pets as our closest friends, we need to heed the apostle Peter's advice to let 'love cover a multitude of sins.'—1 Peter 4:8.

It has been said that friendship doubles our joys and halves our sorrows. However, to be realistic, we cannot expect our friends to fill all our needs or solve all our problems. That is a selfish view of friendship.

Loyal Friends Through Thick and Thin

Once we have made a friend, we should never take his or her friendship for granted. When separated by time and distance, friends think about each other, pray for each other. Even if they can get together only rarely, they can quickly catch up on each other's lives. Especially in times of difficulty or need, it is vital to be there for our friends. For the most part, we must not withdraw when friends have problems. That may be when they need us most. "A true companion is loving all the time, and is a brother that is born for when there is distress." (Proverbs 17:17) And when true friends have misunderstandings, they are quick to make amends and forgive each other. Real friends do not abandon their friends just because the road gets bumpy.

Read more...Good Friends and Bad Friends at http://www.watchtower.org/e/20041208/article_03.htm Visit [Watchtower.org](http://www.Watchtower.org) for more spiritual articles.



What I've learned about friendship

Dear Friends,

Although my years are few, here is what I learned about friendship.

- I've learned that there are many good friends around, but true best friends are hard to come by.
- I've learned that sometimes you love a best friend more than a boyfriend.
- I've learned that a best friend is more important than a boyfriend.
- I've learned that you can do something or nothing with a best friend and still have the best time.
- I've learned that a true friendship has many memories, both good and bad, but all important.
- I've learned that sometimes the most used part of a best friend is the shoulder you cry on, and the shoulder you are willing to lend.
- I've learned that when a best friend is happy, you find yourself happy too, even when it has nothing to do with you.
- I've learned that a best friend's family soon feels like your own.
- I've learned that the only one who truly understands is a true friend.

- I've learned that nothing ever sounds stupid, funny, or unbelievable to a best friend, and you never feel stupid saying whatever it is.
- I've learned that sometimes it feels like a best friend is the only one who will ever care about you and think you are beautiful in your own way.
- I've learned that you always have that something extra to give to a best friend in need, and can count on that in return.
- I've learned that your heart is forever touched by a true friend, no matter how things end up.
- I've learned that when your heart has been broken, a best friend is the best band-aid for it.
- I've learned that a best friend will call you in the middle of the night to talk without thinking, and it's OK.
- I've learned that in many cases, a hug and a kind word from a best friend is the only thing that helps get you through the day.
- I've learned that a best friend would stick up for you no matter what the consequences are.
- I've learned that best friends can sing at the top of their lungs and not worry about singing the wrong words or being out of tune.
- I've learned that best friends stay up all night and on the phone for hours talking without even realizing it.
- I've learned that a best friend can tell the difference between a silly crush, and more than that.
- I've learned that sometimes a best friend is all you have.
- I've learned that sometimes you wonder how she knew, but then you realize that's just how close you are.
- I've learned that when you are true best friends, everyone else knows it.
- I've learned that, most importantly of all, best friends will always be best friends, no matter what is happening in their lives, where they are, or what they are doing. A best friend is irreplaceable. This is the most important thing I could have ever been taught by a best friend.

Love Always,

Jessica Romenesko



Friendship via online message



I just wanted... no, *had* to tell you how much you mean to me. I don't know what I would do without a great friend like you. You are the number one best buddy I have ever had. Without you my pathetic life would not be worth living. I would climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest sea, walk across the hottest desert just to tell you how ***incredibly special*** your friendship is to me.

smiles

huggers

snuggles

kissy-kissy

In fact, I would do anything for you, my *best friend in the whole world*... except write you an actual message. You see, I love everyone on email list, they are all my best friends and I forwarded messages think this to every one of them. Doesn't that make you feel soooo special? There is even a 50/50 chance that I never bothered to read this message, before I forwarded it to you. I forward everything that is sent to me. I'm a compulsive

forwarder... I can't help it. The moment I see the word "forward" in a message I immediately send it to everyone. It has become an obsession. I don't have time to write a real message from my heart because I'm too busy forwarding every email that comes my way. And I won't stop until I've sent you every page on the entire World Wide Web. Then I'll send them all again. In the same day.

There is another person on my list who is just like me. All day and night we just keep sending the same URLs back and forth... we are stuck in an endless loop of mindless forwarding.

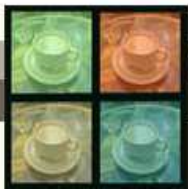
You know, now that I stopped to think about it for a second, maybe you are *not* my best friend in the whole world. You could be some total stranger I met one time in a chatroom and added to my contact list. What was your name again? I haven't heard from you since that night six months ago; you could be dead for all I know. Now that I have all 10 million users on my contact list, I really can't keep up with everyone, so I just send URLs telling them how much I love or I feel for each and everyone of them.

Aren't these *Friendship Pages* wonderful? I don't even have to think for myself, someone else does it all for me. It is even better than a Hallmark card, I would have had to spend a few bucks and sign one of those. But forwarding a URL to everyone requires no thought and almost no effort. Sure beats writing a personal message to you. Then you might respond and I would have to type another message back. Before you know it, we could find ourselves *communicating*, and that would cut into all the time I spend forwarding impersonal messages.

Rib-bit Opps, hold on a moment, I just got another URL sent to me... I'll forward it to everyone now and then bookmark it so I can go back later to see what was there. Now, getting back to you...

I can't risk having an actual conversation with you because I might find out that you are *not* my best friend in the whole world, and then it might not feel right to send you URLs proclaiming my undying (though superficial) love for you. Naaa... just kidding, I would send them to you anyway because I suffer from **CFD** (Compulsive Forwarding Disorder).

Uh oh! Oh look! Someone just sent me that cute ASCII teddy bear again! I have no idea who the sender is, I don't ever remember when they were added to my list. But they said that I'm a Special Friend™ so maybe we knew each other in a past life or something. I better forward it to everyone on my list. I know that I've already sent this one to everybody 24 times, but just in case someone missed it or forgot how much I love them, I'll send it again and again and again! I haven't had this much fun since my failed frontal lobotomy.



Well, even though you are *my best friend in the whole world*, I have to be going now. Maybe someday we will chat again and I can find out who you really are (don't count on it). Take care. C'yaz. Nighty-night. Bub-bye. Have a good one.

*** The preceding message was intended as satire. ***

The author of this page ([DiamondBack](#)) doesn't really mind getting an occasional URL forwarded from his friends. Some of them are even pretty cute (the URLs, not the friends... well okay, some of the friends are cute, too *g*). But lately I've been getting the same URLs forwarded to me 15 to 20 times a day. If it is a well made page that someone put real effort into, then please share it. Even if I've seen it before that is okay, you had no way of knowing. But if I hardly know you and get sent to a page saying you are my *best friend in the whole world*, well... it doesn't make me feel very special knowing that you just sent it to *every person you know*. And if I do know you well and you really like me, then write a little note saying so and it will mean *much* more than a pre-written site or message. Trust me on this one, I'm not so starved for affection that I need dozens of messages every time I open my messenger expressing undying love and devotion. A simple "hello" will do. In the time it takes to run my browser and load a page, we could have exchanged a few messages... and isn't that what real friendships are about?



How to Create a Good Self Image

Every successful person knows the vital role that their self- image, or the picture they hold of themselves, plays in their success. This snapshot is probably the most important single factor, which will determine how successful you will be in life - it is your destiny. I firmly believe that holding a poor self-image short-circuits a person's chances of success.

Your self-image is what you feel about yourself at the deepest level. It is your truth - because you subconsciously believe it about yourself. One's self image (especially with sensitive people) is a very fragile thing. It can be severely damaged by the loss of job, separation, divorce, mental breakdown or other trauma. Once broken it has to be slowly rebuilt, brick by brick, which sometimes can take a number of years before the person becomes their old self once again. (Don't I know all about that!).

The people closest to you have a significant impact on ones self-image. If they don't believe in you, it makes it very hard to move forward in your life.

How you see yourself personally and professionally also determines the level of your own motivation. A positive self-image means that your sub-conscious mind can be controlled by eliminating negative thoughts and attitudes. Your subconscious mind determines your ATTITUDE to events and experiences. It is not what happens to you that is important -it is HOW you react to events: The "90 - 10 rule"!

"I am upset not by events, but rather by the way I view them."

Holding a good self image means seeing yourself as a unique and significant person - one who has a meaningful part to play in the world. You then add greater MEANING and PURPOSE to your life.

If you have a strong inner belief in yourself and your values, you can change your behaviour subjectively by changing your attitudes of mind or your inner beliefs. This is what is known as "self talk". For example:

You can turn a negative attitude about your weaknesses to a positive one regarding your strengths. Don't get bogged down with circumstances. The 'loser' with a negative self image often blames others for their adverse circumstances in life and usually suffers from feelings of depression. This negative self image then becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, as failure follows failure in their life. So that a "cycle of despair" sets in. Very hard to break out!

On the other hand, the person with a good self image EXPECTS to live up to their expectations and achieve success, which is what usually happens. If you feel good about yourself, the brain sends out positive messages to your body (as seen in one's body language); so that you can act confidently and give off positive "vibes". This in turn develops confidence, which makes you feel more positive about "having a go" at something you would not normally tackle.

A positive attitude (ie. a spirit of optimism) is absolutely essential in the path towards success in whatever endeavour in life you may choose.

We all know and envy those people who project an aura of confidence and success. Don't we?

Thus, self image is a vital self-management skill... and, like all skills, it needs constant exercise to nourish, strengthen and grow:

"Water the flowers, instead of the weeds in your garden."

How long has it been since we visited ourselves by looking closely at ourselves?

The technical word for this is introspection (loved by those strange "psycho types").

How Do You See Yourself Now?

1. What do you do well?
2. What do you like most about yourself?
3. What results/achievements are you most proud of?

Your self image can be an 'invisible ceiling'. Don't sell yourself short, because everyone has the potential to do anything. "If you can think it, you can do it." Aim high. If you train fleas to jump in a glass jar, even if you remove the jar, they do not jump any higher (it's a conditioned response).

Don't be a flea! Say to yourself:

"I need to lift the lid of my unlimited potential."

HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF IN THE FUTURE?

Write a short note to yourself on who you want to be and what you want to achieve by the end of the year 2010 (perhaps even 2013, as the years fly by so fast, as we get older). Utilize visual imagery (or mental pictures) and talk to yourself in a quiet place. Stillness is the key.

Make a decision to change (if you want to) and where you want to go in life. Involve yourself in clear specific goals.

Enough about goal-setting. That's the subject of another article!

You'll never rise higher than the image you hold of yourself. So work on your self image daily by "tinking" good healthy and positive thoughts about yourself. Think "big and high" and be "high" (but not too "spaced out", please!). Also affirm that you are "unique and special": A person with individual gifts and talents. You DO have something totally unique to contribute to the world... by "simply being YOU."

"For me life is about loving a lot, laughing a lot and having good friends.

To feel good about your uniqueness and all the special qualities that are yours to share with the rest of the world.

It's your time to shine...to celebrate all that's best and brightest in your life. So be the bright light you can be to the world."

Live. love and be happy.

The Special Person You Were Meant to Be

"If you can value truth above approval, and friendship over power, wealth, or fame,
If you can share your gifts wisely, leaving someone better off than when you came,
If you find happiness, simple pleasures, and see the rainbow, not the falling rain ,
If you have faith to keep on believing in miracles that no one can explain,
If you live every day to your potential and find the goal in everything you see,

Then you'll be, not just happy and successful, but the person only you were meant to be."

- anon

About the Author

Deborah Brown-Volkman is the President of Surpass Your Dreams, Inc. a successful career, life, and mentor coaching company that works with Senior Executives, Vice Presidents, and Managers who are looking for new career opportunities or seek to become more productive in their current role. She is the author of "Coach Yourself To A New Career" and "How To Feel Great At Work Everyday." Deborah can be reached at <http://www.surpassyourdreams.com> <http://www.career-escape-program.com> info@... or at (631) 874-2877.



Chef Luis'

Amish Friendship Bread

This is more than a recipe - it's a way of thinking. In our hi-tech world almost everything comes prepackaged and designed for instant gratification. So where does a recipe that takes *ten days* to make fit in? Maybe it's a touch stone to our past - to those days not so very long ago when everything we did took time and where a bread that took 10 days to make was not as extraordinary as it seems today. This bread is meant to be shared, hence the name. Like friendship it takes a while to develop, tastes sweet and very moist, and it can be modified by adding many fruits.

The Starter
Use wooden utensils and glass bowls only!

1 pkg. active dry yeast
3 c. sugar
3 c. flour
3 c. milk

AMISH FRIENDSHIP BREAD: **1 c.**
Amish friendship bread starter
2/3 c. oil
3 eggs
2 c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. vanilla
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 c. sugar



Preparation

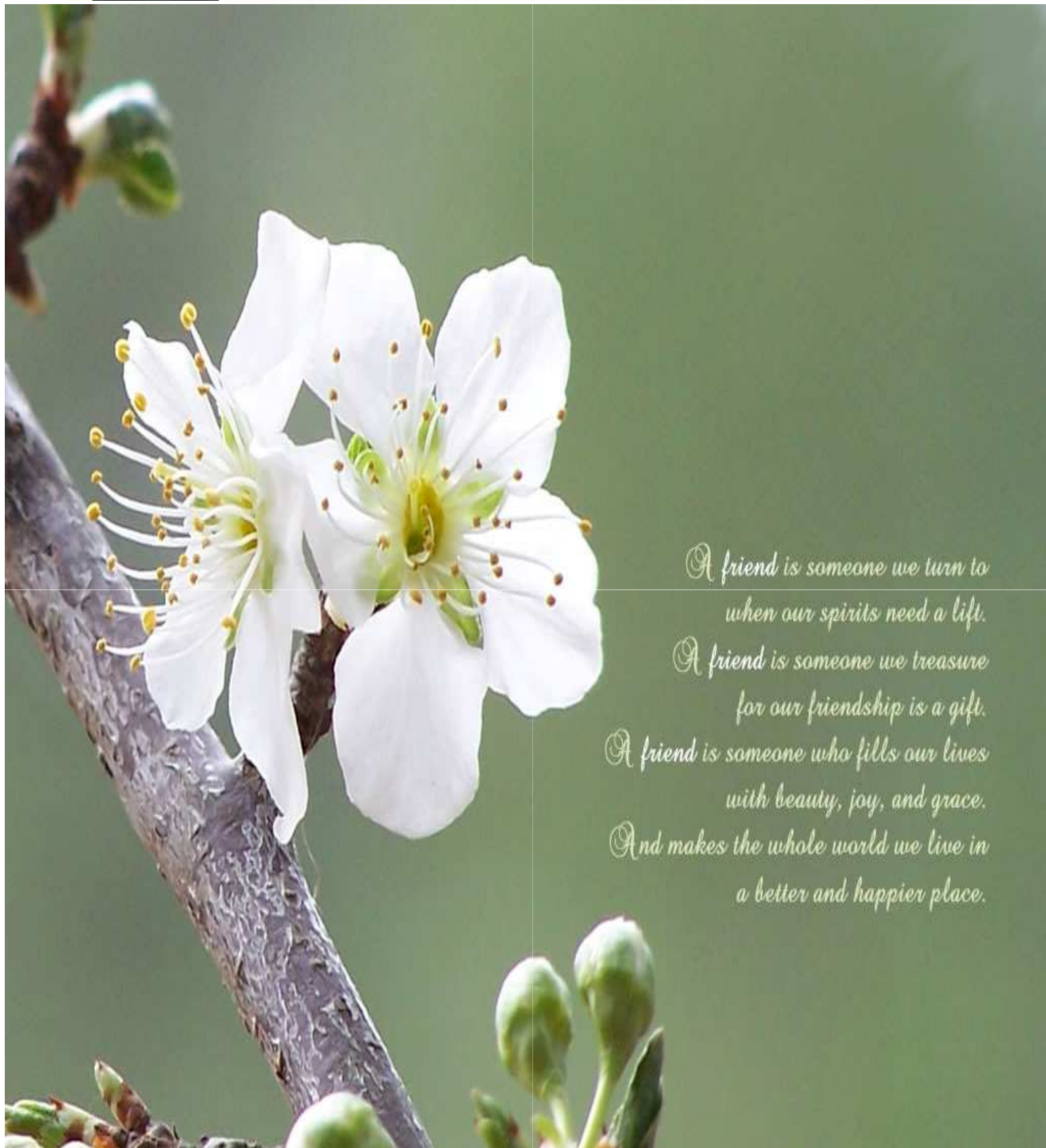
AMISH FRIENDSHIP BREAD STARTER 1 pkg. active dry yeast
3 c. sugar
3 c. flour
3 c. milk

On Day 1: In glass or plastic bowl, combine 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour and 1 cup milk. Stir mixture with wooden or plastic spoon (don't use metal spoon or electric mixer). Cover bowl loosely with paper towel, cloth, wax paper or plastic wrap. Keep at room temperature (don't refrigerate). On Days 2, 3 and 4: Using wooden or plastic spoon, stir mixture once each day. On Day 5: Add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour and 1 cup milk; stir. On Days 6, 7, 8 and 9: Using wooden or plastic spoon, stir mixture once each day. On Day 10: Add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour and 1 cup milk. Remove 3 cups of mixture and give 1 cup each to three friends. Save remaining starter for yourself.

AMISH FRIENDSHIP BREAD:

1 c. Amish friendship bread starter
2/3 c. oil
3 eggs
2 c. flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. vanilla
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 c. sugar

In glass mixing bowl, combine all ingredients. Bake in 2 well greased and floured or sugared 9"x5" glass bread pans. Bake in 350 degree oven for 40 to 45 minutes. NOTE: Raisins, chopped apples, drained, crushed pineapple, candied fruit, coconut, mashed banana, dates, chopped nuts and/or chocolate chips (1/2 cup each) may be added to batter before baking.



*A friend is someone we turn to
when our spirits need a lift.*

*A friend is someone we treasure
for our friendship is a gift.*

*A friend is someone who fills our lives
with beauty, joy, and grace.*

*And makes the whole world we live in
a better and happier place.*

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We Welcome Your Comments

We would like to thank you for the time you have shared with us.

As a new e-zine your thoughts and ideas are valuable and appreciated. Please help us serve you better by commenting on our site.

Write to us at Cafesplendor@netscape.net

Thank you once again.

J. Barrington

Executive Editor

